

# VIENNA.

## The Imperial Visit to the American Department.

### Francis Joseph Among the Industries, Arts and Sciences of the United States.

### He Gazes Upon the Features of Our Famous Citizens.

### THE WONDERS OF THE WESTERN WORLD.

### Niagara, Yosemite and the Yellowstone Studied by the Emperor.

### His Reception by the Sewing Machine Exhibitors.

### He Examines the American Models of Arms.

### HIS INTEREST IN THE INDIAN QUESTION.

### "God Preserve the Emperor Francis."

### He Sees Two Thousand American Newspapers.

### IN THE LAND OF THE SUN AND WINE.

### An American Sovereign Asks His Majesty to Drink.

### The Soda Water Woman as the Sphinx of the Exhibition.

### THE DISPLAY OF OILS.

### Cotton Flings Out a Banner Once More as King.

### CREDITABLE DISPLAY FROM THE SOUTH.

### What the Emperor Thinks of the Visit.

### In America Labor Is Inspired by Intelligence.

months, in all varieties of expression—humorous, pathetic, screaming, artistic, chubby faces, bright eyes, different formations of milk and bread and butter—welcome examples of the generations that are coming to us from the valley of the Ohio.

THE MARVELS OF THE WESTERN WORLD.

From this manifestation of the growing manhood of the West the Emperor passed to the exhibition of nature in its most magnificent and inconceivable forms, as shown by the collection of stereoscopic views of Niagara Falls and California scenery, by Charles Bierstadt, of Niagara; Thomas Howarth, of San Francisco; and the American Geographic Society. The Emperor for some moments looked at the foaming whirl of Niagara's waters as caught by the invisible and delicate agency of the sun, and then at the mid beauty of Watkins' Glen, the Yosemite, with its towering rocks; the Bridal Veil, the little misty stream that begins as a river and, before reaching the ground, breaks into a spray; the snowy Sierra Nevada; the long line of broken, tumbling peaks; the shining waters in the valleys, the calm surface of Lake Tahoe, bluer than the bluest tint in the firmament and excellent in its beauty and repose all that has been written of Lake Leman. There was burned Chicago that attracted his eye, but the sad scene evidently gave him no pleasure, for he continued to study the marvellous forms of natural beauty from California and the West—notably an album, opened by Mr. Garretson, containing views of the Yellowstone and the Sioux country. His Majesty and Count Bellegarde slowly looked from print to print, as the extraordinary manifestations of the Yellowstone region were explained—the fountains flowing mud, the geysers, the constant streams of boiling water leaping high in the air the porcelain fountains and those that send out forever and ever the many colored clays; the mud craters, and burning stones and earth, craters of extinct volcanoes—all the marvels of that new and mysterious region, and the figures of the savage man and woman who still hold sway there. "This is very wonderful," said the Emperor. Then turning to Mr. Reck, he said, "One must go a long way to find these Indians, must you not?" "Oh, no," was the response; "We find them just beyond the Missouri." Explanation was given of the character of these tribes of Indians, and the Emperor said, "I should infer from what I read of these people that they have decreased to a great extent, have they not? You certainly cannot have many left in America?" "Enough," was the response, "to give us trouble, but not to interfere with the growth and settlement of the country." The stern, stoical faces of Red Cloud and Spotted Tail and their companion chiefs were studied by His Majesty for a moment, and quietly smiling he closed the book, making a remark to his aide respecting the strange, weird appearance of these brother monarchs of the West. From here he passed to the right and stood before one exhibition where America makes one of the most creditable displays of her industry in the shape of the collection of chromolithographs.

THE HOUSES WHICH CONTRIBUTE these collections are L. Prang & Co., of Boston, Mass., who have the largest and most striking exhibit; Duval & Hunter, of Philadelphia, Pa. His Majesty looked for some time at E. Mearns' picture, "Laughing the Life Out," and asked some questions as to the part of the country represented by the painter; and then studied closely the representation of California scenery. \* \* \* The interest shown by the imperial party in this modest but striking exhibition of chromos was gratifying, because it is one of the very few displays worthy of our country. Our friends will be glad to know that His Majesty complimented the pictures, and one of his suite said "that no country had shown more progress in chromo-lithography than America." America makes no show at all in the department of paintings that compares with these printed copies; and whatever reputation the country may have for artistic knowledge is saved by the exhibitors of chromos. This department is itself the bright spot of what might be called the desert exhibition of American industry and science, and your correspondent notes the kind words of the Emperor as an encouragement to friends at home.

WAR MEMORIES.

Leaving the chromos, His Majesty passed to the collection of the National Bank Note Company of New York and the collection of engravings from the Treasury Department—a striking exhibit of our taste. This collection is composed mainly of fine steel engravings of bank notes—portraits of the many denominations of our currency. There were the old faces of the war—the little yellow twenty-cent note, notes of the value of five cents up to the pretentious thousand dollar green-back and the much coveted saffron-tinted fifty-two bond, and the many other printed and tinted phases of American credit which have come into life in the last ten sad, eventful years. His Majesty was much interested in these phases of currency, and credit, and asked now and then an explanation of the value of the notes in his own Austrian money. "It is very beautiful—very beautiful, indeed," he said, continuing his way.

A PROFESSOR LOSES HIS HAT.

After pausing a moment to examine the photographic machinery and stereoscopic views exhibited by E. & H. T. Anthony, of New York, and some imperial photographs from William Brunsig, of New York, the Emperor passed into the department set apart for pumps, hydraulic machines, sewing and knitting machines and smaller industries. The first thing that attracted his attention was a machine called, I believe, the Douglas pump, which has some extraordinary quality not known to this correspondent, but which Professor Horsford in endeavoring by a manifestation of agility to solve, lost his hat, which went flying over the imperial presence, to the amusement of the party, and was rescued by a Herald correspondent, who gallantly restored it to its possessor. This trifling experience gave momentary life and amusement to the procession as it passed into the department of the region of machinery, where the men and women stood waiting under their embroidered canopies, in silence and expectation, to see the King.

THE REGION OF THE SEWING MACHINES.

If Dante had been gifted with the spirit of prophecy he would have let apart a region in his Inferno to illustrate the rivalries and emotions of the sewing machine manufacturers of the United States. The conflicts, the misunderstandings, the ambitions, the yearnings for approbation and notoriety, the odd, incessant efforts to win medals of progress and renown and merit and honor, which inspire the gentlemen who manage this industry, have given constant motion and life to the American department. So, when His Majesty came into the sewing machine department every effort was made by our Commissioners to introduce him to each special machine and explain its peculiar qualities. Let me give you a list of the machines in the catalogue, so that you may know what His Majesty was asked to do. First, the Howe Machine Company, New York; then the Singer Manufacturing Company, New York; the Whitney Sewing Machine, Paterson, N. J.; the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company, New York; the Wilson Sewing Machine Company, of Cleveland, Ohio; the Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine Manufacturing Company, New York; Eason & Morril & Co., Derby Line, Vt.; George N. Bacon & Co., London, England; the Weed Sewing Machine Company, of Hartford, with the patent effective stop motion of Fairfield attached; the Secor Sewing Machine Company, of New York; the Mackay Sole and Shoe Sewing Machine, Cambridge; the Universal Feed Sewing Machine Company. Every exhibitor expected a special visit from the Emperor, and His Majesty, with a patience and courtesy that should be commended, endeavored to visit them all.

THE ORIGINAL SEWING MACHINE.

First he passed into the apartment given to the Howe Machine Company, and examined for some time the original model machine made by Elias Howe, the inventor, which is sacredly kept in a glass case, like the Declaration of Independence or the constitution of the United States. The little figure, old-fashioned, brass-mounted apparatus was explained by Mr. G. W. Howe, a member of the inventor's family. His Majesty asking a great many questions, especially inquiring the difference between this original machine, as it stood there, and the machines with the latest improvements which were at its side. "How far have you advanced? What different principles have

been applied? What progress does this machine show over that?" said the Emperor. After waiting a few minutes to comprehend the explanations made to him of the advance of the industry so largely represented in America, the Emperor continued his tour of the other departments, especially inquiring of his attendants what different principles were presented by each separate machine, in what respect one machine differed from the other—all of which was explained to him, especially the new principle of the patent stop, or the application of the "lock board" was the response. And, quietly taking it up, the Emperor held the weapon at sight and took aim, and, snatching it back to the exhibitor with a compliment on its accuracy and finish.

"GOD PRESERVE THE EMPEROR FRANCIS!"

So, passing from war to peace again, we came to the next department, "Music and musical instruments," and, as His Majesty took up his journey, the performer at Mason & Hamilla's parlor organ began the Austrian national hymn, "God preserve the Emperor Francis!" This compliment the Emperor acknowledged by touching his hat to the player and stopping for a moment to ask the mechanism of the organ. Then at the piano display of George Steck, where he lingered for a moment while the exhibitor tested the capacities of an instrument. I hope somebody explained to His Majesty that we had other manufacturers of pianos in America beside Mr. Steck, if for no other reason than to give that gentleman credit for his public spirit in coming this long way to show that we have not lost the art of making pianos in the United States. There were some guitars from Franz Schwager, of Washington, Mo.; a piano from Hagen, Rosen & Co., Louisville, Ky.; cottage organs from J. Esley & Co., Brattleboro, Vt., and a violin from George Gummender, Astoria, L. I., which completed our collection, and all being duly examined the Emperor passed to the department of leather.

"NOTHING LIKE LEATHER."

Leather is not an inviting topic for a writer, nor probably for an emperor, but Francis Joseph seemed to be especially interested in our method of manufacturing boots and shoes. He asked many questions as to the quality of our leather, and expressed his surprise at the specimens of alligator skins in a complete state of tanning and ready for the feet, which came from Thomas Schorr, New Orleans, as well as our imitation of goatskin leather, furnished by Ely & Sanger, New York. A Saratoga trunk from Simon & Brothers, Newark, N. J., evidently made a melancholy impression upon His Majesty, as showing the condition to which our ladies had fallen in America in the way of extravagance in dress and travel. Schorr, Southwick & Co., New York; Keck & Mossen, New York; Buckley, Lockwood & Co., New York; Healy, Platt & Co., New York; Helm & Zimmermann, New York; G. B. Horton & Co., New York; J. B. Hoyt & Co., New York, and other New York firms contributed to our leather display. In addition to these were contributions from Kentucky, Baltimore, Boston, Buffalo, Milwaukee, Worcester, Mass.; Lynn, Mass.; St. Louis, Syracuse, Providence, New Orleans, and even from Jackson, Miss., from which place Mr. G. D. Sidway had sent a Mexican saddle.

THE PRESS.

At this point the Emperor stopped for a moment to look at the collection of American newspapers, bound in volumes, two thousand, I think, in number, collected and sent by Mr. Steiger, of New York. The first journal that attracted His Majesty's attention was the "Chautauque," something of other "Bible." It contained a leading article denouncing the tyranny of the Austrian imperial system and warning Francis Joseph for the last time to beware. This, however, I give as a rumor, as the party continued on, and so rapidly that I had not time to verify it.

IN THE VINELAND.

What are the lines of Mr. Longfellow that rest on the memory like a refrain? If I do not quote them correctly give me the credit of doing the best I can so many thousands miles away from home:—  
Very good in (is) way is the Verrayne,  
And the willow and the cherry,  
But far more divine is Calawba wine,  
More direct, delicious and dreamy.  
There is something more to remember, in very broken fashion, about its "sweet perfume filling all the room with a benison on the giver." I know that American wines are the theme, and if Francis Joseph is well read in Boston classics he is, probably, quoting these lines as he paces his slow way into the wine department. Forty years ago—more or less—a cynical, witty Englishman asked, "Who reads an American book?" Ten years ago many witty men asked, "Who drinks American wine?" I have no doubt one thinks of American wine with boy memories of the black, ungainly bottle, where currants and gooseberries had been distilled in sugar, anointing quiltings and holiday teas to do hospitable duty as wine. But we have passed beyond that, far, far, indeed, as you will note, looking around the highly colored and winning displays of native wine. Mr. Parton's famous question, which it required an essay to solve—"Will the coming man drink wine?" would have been answered in Vienna, for here we see that over thirty thousand different varieties of wine are contributed from all nations. Thirty thousand varieties, as I learn from wealthy persons, and this is what America gives—M. Werk & Sons, C. Bottler, George Bogen & Co., and the Cincinnati Wine Company, of Cincinnati, send Catawba, still and sparkling; W. H. Mills, of Sandusky, shows what subtle virtues spring from the sun and soil of Lake Erie, in a collection of champagne and cork. New York is not as far ahead as Ohio, for it contents itself with a display of champagnes, still wines and brandies from Hammondsport, contributed by the Pleasant Valley Wine Company, and an ambitious fermentation in the way of champagnes, called "Sparkling Imperial," from the Urbana Wine Company. Rich, young Missouri adds wine to the many trophies of her greatness and gives promise of eminence in the coming time as a wine land. Here are Tolda, Bush & Co., of St. Louis, with Catawbas, and the American Wine Company, of St. Louis, with a pretentious "Imperial Champagne" and a modest "Missouri Catawba;" while a firm from Harreman, Mo., show their memories of the Fatherland and their literary taste by a brand named "Goethe," not to mention Catawba, and one intended, we should think, for drinking breakfasts from its sentimental name of "Cynthiana." And over the mountains to our sun-land, California, Commonwealth of life and beauty, whose young brood poetry and art have already decked with their gems, and we are in bright Sonoma Valley, and a picture, with a great deal of red and orange, shows His Imperial Majesty how the vine grows and how the honest California German gathers the grape. Here also is what the Buena Vista Society sends from San Francisco, a bubbling beverage—called "The Pearl of California," assumed to be "Nonpareil," and other Buena Vista selections, still and sparkling. All of these His Majesty examined, looking at the labels and the gilded and silver swastikas around the necks, and asks their qualities and whether there is any special variety not grown in Europe. I suppose this question must have inspired one exhibitor from California who was not, as a free and independent citizen of a land where all are emperors, above taking a drink with his Austrian brother. As it was, he was ready with his glass. There was the golden-necked bottle, in cooling, soothing life. A dozen champagne glasses, of Bohemian fineness—and he stood with his knife ready to snap the confining cord—and let the pent-up sun and fatness of California rush out to warm an imperial heart and gladden his gracious eyes. The Emperor sauntered along until he came to the display, "What wine is this?" he said. "Champagne." "It is very beautiful," he answered, referring to the label, we suppose. "Will Your Majesty take a glass of champagne?" said the California freeman in the most admissible terms—"Will Your Majesty take an American wine?" as he raised his glass and put the knife to the cord. Francis Joseph paused a second, looked his imperial American brother full in the face, smiled, and said, "No, thank you!" It was rather early in the morning, we fancy, and, again, foreign people do not take liberties with champagne.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

From this array of wines, which evidently won upon His Majesty with his educated tastes, we all turned to a famous keg of whiskey, said to contain Bourbon one hundred years old. I have my own views on this subject, but far be it from me to breathe them to His Majesty, who looks at the keg

let us believe, with reverent eyes, thinking, probably, that when the innocent grain, which there found its final expression, was cunningly huddled on the bending stalk, drinking the rain and sun of Great Britain's troublesome colonies, there really was a Holy Roman Empire, and those in whose loins his being dwelt were emperors thereof. Oh, Kaiser! Kaiser! what are the crown and your dignities, and these heaven-anointed honors, and all the ceremony and state and worship which float around you to-day, like the radiant silver clouds and white shadows we all cherish and pursue, when even in this varnished keg there is a life that has outlived the greatness of your Holy Roman Empire. It is a mercy that no one offered the Emperor a drink, else who knows where the morning tour would have ended? But the modest exhibitor was probably answered in the smile and denial given to his Californian brother with the unopened champagne, and who will no doubt go home and run for Congress, as the only man in the State who had ever asked an emperor to drink with him. America is not strong in the display of whiskey. Gibson, of Philadelphia, sends rye of 1867 and wheat of 1869. From New York we have "Old Bourbon" from H. R. Thuber and a few samples of high fame from M. J. Hardy & Co. Old Kentucky sends nothing that your correspondent notes; but from Indiana Gaff & Co., of Aurora, and Morehead, Young & Co., of St. Louis, Mo., indicate what the West can do with rye, rye and wheat. In Indiana there is a case from Mack, of Cincinnati, and a case of cocktails from Lediard, of New York, the mystery of which no presuming American ventured to explain to His Majesty.

THE WOMAN OF JOHN MATTHEWS.

But if this Austrian Emperor fancies that we drink nothing but wines and those distillations of grain he has only to look at this gigantic figure of America—as a young woman, heavily silvered, in a robust condition—offering all the world a glass of soda water. If your correspondent entered into the history of this figure he would be another Homer with an Iliad, and this the Helen of his verse. "Ah!" said poor, kindly, generous Van Buren one morning as I met him in one of the sad walks he used to take over these scenes of his former greatness; "Ah!" he said, "no one knows the trouble I have had with that woman." I was about to ask him the story; but I learn that there was more difficulty, and had feeling about the commission that gave her this station than in any other feature of the exhibition. It was believed, among the other fancies which found life in Vienna, that there would be an irrepressible thirst for soda water among the Viennese. So John Matthews, of New York, established this silvered woman in high state, at her feet a many-mouthed fountain, from which the soda was to gush and seek affinities in dainty syrups and creams and bless the waiting multitude. Well, after the woman was duly published and the fountains made ready, it was found that an American and English company had the monopoly of selling soda water in all the grounds. So the woman of John Matthews stands there, and the fountains are dry; and the imperial visitor looked at with an inquiring look that no one could explain. I can think of nothing more difficult of explanation than an immense woman statue, rudely fashioned in a modern costume, holding out a glass mug; and if the Emperor had sent the police during the night to remove it as an anomaly or a problem or a mysterious incitement to disorder and revolution, it would not have created much ill-feeling in our American councils. But the Emperor was quite civil to the preposterous creature and kept his way.

OILS FROM THE MINES AND FRUITS AND VEGETABLE WORLD.

For here, looming up before us, many-tinted, bright, all the colors of the rainbow reflected, in tall, delicate, tapering jars, is what America has done in the way of oils. Oil, too, must be honored as a modest substance, without complaining qualities, remembering, as we must, how badly it has been used by the poets and dreamers. This is not a good showing when we know what America could do. But, as we mean to give oil to the world of any desired quality or flavor, let us see what attracted the Emperor—for attracted he was—examining each contribution curiously, and asking his companions the name of each controlling ingredient. To begin with, there were blocks of refined paraffine—petroleum from Pennsylvania reduced into the best shape by Stephenson Bros. & Co., of Philadelphia. There was petroleum again, black as it came from the deep, cavernous beds where it had rested for ages, gathering virtue and fitness through the silent hours of years, for the use of man, from the Oil Company of New York; and at its side other petroleum for burning—clear, yellow, shining, refined—the ugliness and explosiveness of temper banished, ready for the parlor and bedroom, to brighten and gladden, let us trust, happy domestic homes. Petroleum in many shapes and qualities and colors—from Gest & Atkinson, of Cincinnati; from Burckhardt & Co., of the same city; from the Eclipse Lubricating Company, of New York; from F. S. Pease, of Buffalo, and so on, in all embracing multitudinous grades of essential oils—from the mineral, animal and vegetable worlds. Thomas Emery's Sons, of Cincinnati, showed what kind of oil could be made of wool. Caswell, Hazard & Co., of New York, had a cod liver oil for the body's uses. From Louisiana we were glad to see many cotton oils, refined and crude, shown by Symanski, of New Orleans, and the managers of the Illinois Petroleum Company of the same city. There were essential oils from Hale & Parrish and H. G. Hotchkiss, of Louisiana, N. Y.; from J. B. Horner, of New York City; the oil of wintergreen from Van Deusen Brothers, Kingston, N. Y.; an oil for watches and sewing machines from W. F. Nye, of New Bedford. Bridge & Son, of New Orleans, showed what Louisiana could do in oils and rosin, while McKesson & Robbins did the same service for New York. There was oil from asparagus, sassafras, from wintergreen and peppermint, and other substances that one cannot follow without exhausting the imagination. These were shown by Paine Brothers, New York; L. B. Hotchkiss, Phelps, N. Y. The Emperor passed slowly around the collection, noting especially a hickory oil for salads, and expressing his admiration for the ingenuity and taste shown in the display, asked Mr. Jay, with a smile, whether there was any known substance from which his people had not succeeded in extracting oil.

ORES, METALS AND STONES.

This, however, is not all the earth of America yields, no doubt though the Emperor, as he passed in front of an ungainly, honest man of Tennessee. Coal, of iron and gold, copper and silver ores, sulphur, sand and gold, marbles, stones and phosphates, there was an interesting, varied display—not what might have been (more the pity), but much for the studious mind. And if I do not give you the names of the societies and firms and public-spirited gentlemen who made this contribution, do me the justice to believe that the laws of space are inexorable to a Herald correspondent, who wants to please everybody and do justice and fairness to all around the table. Generally, then, let me say that from Pennsylvania, we had nickel, copper, cobalt and cobalt salts, and for glass manufacture, limestone, gold quartz from Bethany, coal and iron. One firm from York, Pennsylvania, C. M. Ness, showed silicon steel. Michigan had iron, copper and silver ores, shown by G. R. Tuttle, of Cleveland. Colorado was abundant with minerals and ores from the Denver Assay office. There was lead, iron, coal, from Illinois and Missouri, sulphur and rock salt from Louisiana; coal and iron, from rich, unhappy Alabama; iron from Vermont, and a noted contribution from Tennessee—of massive block stone. An exhibition of these useful, ungainly stones is not winning even to an Emperor on a morning tour of observation, but Francis Joseph studied them in a general way, and was surprised at the richness and evident magnitude of the formations of coal, iron and iron. "It must be a country of wonderful resources," he said, "that leaves so little to be desired, except the means of making these resources useful to mankind." Nor was this wonder subdued by his impressions of the department which shows the products of the Southern soil. It seemed to your correspondent, who was in the Emperor's suite, and generally at his side during the whole journey, that whatever came from the South possessed an unusual interest to him. "We are curious," said one of his suite, "to see what has been done in these States since the war and how they have survived the war." Here

first to the eye came the sugars and syrups; yellow and white sugar from Louisiana; clarified syrups through which the sun shone; crystal syrups; sugars made from various processes—from the open kettle, the steam pan, the vacuum pan, as clarified by sulphur and lime. The Emperor passed at each display, noting every varying feature, asked as to the methods employed in each variety of manufacture, noticing especially a small collection of tobacco from Virginia, which he examined with the air of a connoisseur, without forming an opinion, and a little shaving of chocolate and cocoa, as prepared by Mr. Leper, of New Orleans. I am afraid he did not dwell long upon the flour, although it was ready from Missouri, Ohio, Kentucky and Vermont, supplemented by some Valley Junction Ohio, productions in the way of hominy and wheaten grits, and a New York display from Eys & Eschell of "Imperial Scotch oatmeal."

TROPHIES FROM THE SOUTH.

But while dwelling upon the South we noted the admiration and interest which attended the imperial examination of the trophy of cotton which stands at the entrance of the west gate. Cotton in all forms, graciously built up and festooned and twined into cunning shapes, forms this trophy—cotton from Mobile, New Orleans, St. Louis, Lee county, Mississippi; Linnaeus, Missouri, and Memphis; notably a cotton plant in full bloom, furnished by a negro of Charleston, who had been a slave, but who now, under the tree of freedom, man to deck the trophy which awaits an Emperor. Here also we noted silk cocoons and expressions of moss and hemp and twine and works from the South added to the trophy, and showing that war, however it may have channelled and furrowed the fair fields of these noble Southern States, did not deaden the life that dwelt in their soil nor the energy and genius of the men who cultivate their acres. All this profoundly interested Francis Joseph, who stood for some time examining the trophy—the banner, so it seemed, that proclaimed to the world that cotton was again a king—a king no less because these, his tributes and harvests and tokens of strength, are the work of freemen and not of slaves. Considering all things, the South should be proud of her share in this American department. If all States had done as well as Louisiana and Missouri many American cheeks would not have blushed, as in following the Emperor to-day they saw what America had done and knew how much more grandly and proudly she could do.

PHILADELPHIA.

It was about this time that the Emperor noted the maps of Philadelphia on a large scale, with statistics of manufacture, dwelling houses and population. I will not copy these figures. You know them well enough at home. There was Philadelphia, truly, every ward marked with a different color; pictures of the Independence Hall, the Union League, Girard College and other crowning glories, her name printed in three languages, so that no one could fail to know it; the Schuylkill duly hinged, a huge star on a green background indicating where the industrial palace is to be built; lines after lines of streets and avenues, showing that the city has taken new life and swept its masses of neat and home-like houses away to Germany and Frankfurt, Darmstadt and Chestnut Hill and the ancient dominion of Kingessing. This map of Philadelphia is one of the most striking features in the Exhibition, and the Emperor looked at it with the curiosity of one not disdaining instruction. "This is a large city," said the Emperor. Professor Horsford was the person addressed, and, being a Bostonian did not dwell upon Philadelphia as was his duty and opportunity, but ran off into historical recollections. And one who loved Philadelphia and saw this splendid moment, could not help saying, "Oh for an hour of Henry C. Carey, or Morton McMichael, or Daniel Dougherty, or John W. Forney, or Francis Wells, or George W. Childs, or any of Philadelphia's eloquent sons. Oh, for one half hour of Colonel Fitzgerald to seize this golden time, instead of a Boston professor, his heart heavy with jealousy and mourning that the Fairmount Park has supplanted the Boston Common." But this was not to be. The Boston professor answered His Majesty that in 1876 we should be one hundred years old. "And this," said the Emperor, "is the site of your American World Exposition." "Yes," was the answer; "it will take place in 1876, celebrating the fact that as a nation we are— and so on, as we came to see the department of schools and education.

SCHOOLS AND EDUCATION.

This is not a showy department, but it is rich in material. The two most notable things are a model of Compton school and a tabulated statement of the school statistics of the District of Columbia, surrounded by a tinted photograph of Governor Cooke, doing, I am bound to say, more than justice to the pleasing features of our amiable chief magistrate. Here also, fully shown in a quiet way, are the book collections—folding algebras, works on geometry, around which painful memories cluster; publications on logic and the higher mathematics, once read not without sighs and tears; the classics in red edges, and maps showing that about nine-tenths of the globe are covered by the States of North America. There was a collection of tracts from the American Tract Society, but the Emperor, I am grieved to say, did not dwell upon them. Harper Brothers, D. Appleton & Co., A. S. Barnes & Co., Robert Appleton & Co., Scribner, Armstrong & Co., Woolworth, Alinworth & Co., A. D. Randolph & Co., of New York; Copperthwait & Co., J. B. Lippincott & Co., Eldridge & Co., Stedman, Brown & Co., of Philadelphia; the Methodist Book Concern, the Presbyterian Board of Publication and the American Publishing House for the Blind were among those represented in this department. The Emperor glanced along the shelves and asked if all these books were upon the subject of education, and made a remark upon the wideness of scope covered by our educational system. There were a quantity of education reports and a collection of works from the government detailing the explorations of the Great West, its rivers and mountains. But His Majesty did not seem disposed to enter into these investigations, and merely looked at the gilded letters on the brown bindings and passed to an examination of a collection of school desks and school furniture, a complete set of desks and chairs for children in good, sensible wood, fit for pinnacles and gables and easily scratched—and so through the door into the department given to Brazil.

WHAT THE EMPEROR THINKS OF THE AMERICAN DEPARTMENT.

Into this department the American party did not follow His Majesty, but stood at the door awaiting his coming again, circled around Mr. Jay, speculating upon the visit, and saying what might have been and what we all hoped would be in Philadelphia. At another door stood Sir Andrew Buchanan, the English Ambassador in Vienna; Mr. Owen, the secretary of the British Commission, and a body of commissioners anxiously waiting for the Emperor to come. In a little time His Majesty returned and passed along to the door. Here his eye was arrested by a model of the works now going on for the excavation of the rocks at Hell Gate. There were the chambers cut into the rocks, and the lines of the tide—arranged ingeniously. The Emperor asked for a full explanation of the work, and its meaning, which was given. "Quite wonderful!" he said. "Incredible!" and, at last, "What tremendous feats engineering accomplishes in your land. There seems no limit to them." Then passing slowly to the door, resuming conversation with Mr. Jay and Mr. Garretson, he said, "For improvements and new inventions and progress in machinery since the last exposition it does not seem that America is surpassed by any country represented in the building." When our representatives expressed their regret and that of all Americans that the exposition was so much less than the country could do, and did the nation so much injustice, the Emperor, through Baron Schwarzenberg, answered, "Well, America makes here a more varied display than in any previous foreign exposition. Beyond this, what is evident from the fact is, that your labor seems to be inspired by a constant, high and active intelligence." We were now at the limit of our department. The Emperor turned, shook hands with Mr. Garretson, Mr. Jay and others and thanked them for the courtesy he had received from America. And, crossing a road